

Athlete

He struggles and strains, to cross the street

His feet are slow, that once were so fleet

His brow is furrowed. His face is grey

His chest is a tomb for a heart in decay

He falters and stumbles, and staggers in pain

His life flashes past as he lives it again.

The garlands the medals, the cheers of the crowd

His heart thumping strong, and beating so loud

His pulses are pounding and driving him on

The length of his stride, powerful, strong!

As he rounds the last bend the end is in sight.

He steps up the pace. His feet are in flight.

These memories behind him, he strides to his death

Whilst his body lies wheezing, and gasping last breath